

Broke Down Engine (feat. Curly Weaver)

Blind Willie McTell

Feel like a broke down engine, mama
Ain't got no drivin' wheel, lord have mercy
Feel like a broke down engine, mama
Ain't got no drivin' wheel
You all been down and lonley
You know just how Willie McTell feels But it's, Lordy Lord, Lordy, Lordy Lord
Lordy Lord , Lordy, Lordy Lord I've been shooting craps and gambling
Good God, and I done got broke
I've been shooting craps and gambling
Sweet mama, and I done got broke
I done pawned my 33 special, good gal
And my clothes been sold I even went down in my praying ground
Dropped down on bended knees
I went down to my praying ground
And dropped on bended knees
I ain't crying for no religion
Lordy, give me back my good girl please But it's Lordy Lord, Lordy, Lordy Lord
Lordy Lord, Lordy, Lordy Lord, Lord, Lordy Lord If you give me my baby
Lord, I won't worry you no more
If you give me my baby
Lord, I won't worry you no more
You ain't got to put her in my house
Lordy, only lead her to my door Lordy, Lord Don't you hear me, baby
Knocking on your door?
Don't you hear your daddy, mama
Knocking on your door?
Cant I get out singing, living 'n' tapping
Flatting, slip right across your floor Lordy Lord, Lordy, Lordy Lord, Lordy Lord
Lordy, Lordy Lord

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